

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 823.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1837.

[PRICE 2d.]

British Colonies:

SHERBROOKE, LOWER CANADA.



BRITISH COLONIES.

LOWER CANADA.

A FEW years since, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, spoke thus prophetically of this rapidly improving region: "Lower Canada is a fine country, and will hereafter become populous and powerful; especially as the British and Anglo-American population shall flow in more extensively, and impart more vigour and activity to the community. The climate, notwithstanding its severity, is very healthy and favourable to the freshness and beauty of the human constitution. All the most important comforts of life are easily and abundantly obtained." Each succeeding year has verified this prediction; but, no where has this advancement been more evident than in the Eastern Townships, lying between Quebec and Montreal, which district has already been noticed at page 40 of the present volume.

The prefixed Engraving is from one of a Series of Views in Lower Canada, lately published by the British American Land Company, of whose operations, Sherbrooke is the principal seat. Indeed, it may be considered as an average picture of a settlement somewhat advanced beyond the embryo state, which Mr. McGregor describes as "nothing more than log-houses, in small openings made in the forests, scattered along banks of rivers, roads, or the sea-shore, with occasionally a saw-mill, grist-mill, smithy, tavern, shop, place of worship, and school-house."

Sherbrooke stands on a pretty spot of alluvial soil, embosomed within rugged forest land. For ten miles further up, the river is navigated by boats, where it divides into two principal branches.

In the view are seen the principal buildings of Sherbrooke; as the Court House, the Catholic and Presbyterian churches, and the Academy.

MANUFACTURE OF POT AND PEARLASHES.

Pot and pearlashes are part of the staple produce of Canada, but the price in England has for a few years been so low as to offer but little inducement for extended manufacture in situations remote from cheap transport. The great improvement in chemistry of late years, and the reduction of the duty on salt, have offered substitutes whenever the article rises beyond a certain price.

Potash, (so termed from the large pots or kettles in which it is manufactured,) is a substance found in the ashes of all vegetables growing at a distance from the sea. It is extensively used for many purposes in the arts and sciences, being necessary in the making of glass, in bleaching, in soap-making, and also in medicine, where it is employed in many different forms, and under various modifications. It has been called at

different times, "kali," "vegetable alkali," &c.; but is known in commerce and in the operations where it is most abundantly used as "potash."

Although found in the ashes of all vegetables similarly placed beyond the influence of the sea air, it is, nevertheless, more abundant in some plants than others. Wormwood and some other herbaceous plants, such as potato-tops, &c., furnish a large proportion; next to these, the leaves of some trees and shrubs contain it in abundance, and after these, the different kinds of timber of *America's* forest trees. The following trees give a progressive increase: maple, oak, elm, hickory, beech.

In general, the ashes of hard wood contain more Potash than those of the softer kinds. The method of manufacturing it is as follows: the wood or vegetables being burnt, the ashes are collected into large, wooden vessels, called "leach-tubs," having movable bottoms at a small distance from the true bottoms, to admit a portion of quicklime being introduced between them; the upper or movable bottom is placed at a small angle with the lower, in order to facilitate the draining off the fluid. Water is then poured upon the ashes in the tub, and after being allowed to stand for some time to dissolve, the saline matter is drained off by an orifice in the bottom. A second or third portion of water, generally hot, is now poured on, and being suffered to stand as before, is also drained off. In this manner, the ablution is continued until it passes off without taste or colour. The drained fluids are then mixed together, and called ley, and put into a large kettle and boiled until the water is evaporated. The saline mass remains in the bottom, and is called "black salts." In this state, the potash is mixed with a certain portion of vegetable matter, &c., requiring a further operation to fit it for market. The impure salts are, therefore, put into an iron pot, or kettles, subjected to a strong heat to melt them, and burn away such impurities as are combustible; from whence it is thrown, while in a state of fusion, into smaller vessels, termed "coolers," where it concretes into hard, solid masses, and is packed in barrels for market. The following table of the respective quantities of pure potash, and foreign substances contained in a given weight, is by the celebrated Vauquelin:—

POTASH ASHES CONTAIN—

Real Potash.	Sulphate of Pot.	Muriate of Pot.	Insoluble Matter.	Carbonic Acid and Water.
754	80	4	6	308
773	65	5	56	254
603	132	14	79	304
837	154	20	2	119
730	165	44	24	193

The quantity he used was 1,152 parts, by which table it appears that the American article has the greatest proportion of real potash. The substance called *Pearlashes* is nothing more than the potashes as above made, refined to a certain degree by being put into vessels for the purpose, and submitted to an intense heat until melted. They are then thrown on iron plates, and allowed to cool and harden. This process burns away such vegetable matter as may remain after the former process; it improves the colour, and changes the appearance of the ashes, making them white, rough, and powdery. The pearly also diminishes the elastic property of the potashes, and is necessary to prepare potash for some purposes. —*Gould's Practical Advice to Emigrants.*

ROADSIDE NOTES ON FRANCE.

DILIGENCE-TRAVELLING.

THOUGH uninfected with the mania for railroads, if I were inclined to introduce them any where, it would be in France; a great part of which is so flat as to offer no impediment to their construction, and so monotonous and uninteresting to the eye, that the most ardent admirer of nature will find little, during journeys of many days, likely to tempt him to linger on his way. In the more legitimate and orthodox branch of the noble science of road-making, the French have also much to learn; notwithstanding the influx of English travellers has, doubtless, tended of late years to improve them. In the immediate vicinity of Paris, are still some of the worst roads I have ever seen. In wet weather, they are a sea of mud; in dry seasons, not to be matched, I believe, in the whole world, (the African deserts of sand excepted,) for the quantity, quality, and extreme subtilty of the dust. Of course, any kind of travelling is not likely to afford unalloyed pleasure; and a French *diligence*, with its horses, harness, or rather *tackle*, drivers, baggage, and the eternal jingling of its bells, cannot be expected to afford an exception to the rule. Yet, cumbersome as the *diligences* are, upsets rarely occur; they are also cheap, and tolerably clean, being much improved of late, in this respect. The horses, though dull, will stand a good deal of work, and the *conducteurs*, to whom, contrary to the English practice, the drivers are all subject, are generally, civil and active. The most annoying thing to the British traveller is the frequent, and apparently objectless, delay on the road, and the lazy movements of the ostlers, and other men of the stable; so different from the almost magical manner in which the "change" is effected at home. As the *diligences* carry only one or two outsiders, their berth, which is not always a very comfortable one, does not seem much coveted. The company in

the other compartments of the fabric is exceedingly mixed; much more so than is general inside our coaches. From what I have seen, I should certainly not advise any lady to travel alone, or even without a gallant knight or trusty squire, in these conveyances; yet females frequently seem to take the risk, and doubtless may often do so with impunity.

The two greatest drawbacks to pleasure in traversing France, are the want of cleanliness in the people, and the passport system and its accompanying grievances. Though the first has been, doubtless, diminished of late by English example, the French are yet very far our inferiors in this essential respect. Their style of cookery, too, renders the smell of their kitchens anything but agreeable. In England, the reverse is often the case: it serves even to excite the appetite of a hungry man; but in France, particularly in Champagne and Burgundy, it will often weaken that even of a traveller. The other annoyance I have alluded to, is more constant; and the inconvenience it occasions to passengers appears to me unredeemed by any great benefit to the state. He who journeys in France cannot be too much on his guard, nor too particular in inspecting any papers he may have to produce to the police.

THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

Never having made a long residence in France, I cannot say much of those characteristics of its people which lie beneath the surface; still, in the provinces which I have visited, I have observed some distinguishing traits amongst the natives, which I have not seen noticed by other travellers. The inhabitants of Picardy, part of the original Belgium, from a similarity of climate and a common origin, bear a considerable personal resemblance to the English; particularly on the coast, where this similitude has been increased by frequent colonies of our countrymen. They are rather stoutly made, and, though below our middle size, taller than most of their southern countrymen. I think their *donaniers* and national guards are generally superior in stature and appearance to most of the regular troops. Their complexions are, probably, not more than a shade or two darker than ours, though amongst the women dark eyes seem to predominate; and though their hair, also, is most commonly dark, it is often even sandy, particularly amongst the peasantry, who, with this and their high cheek bones, have a Scotch physiognomy, especially the elder women. The young women may be said to be often pretty, and sometimes remarkably so; and, (if tastes were not so various,) I should say that the average female population of no town with which I am acquainted, equals that of Calais in good

looks. There is a great variety of feature and complexion amongst them. Their manner and voice are also generally pleasing and feminine. The character of the men seems to resemble that of their Belgian neighbours, qualified by French habits and manners. They display much less real energy than ours when engaged in any undertaking, and they have not much of the grimace and useless gesticulation of the men of the south. From what I have seen of them, I should say a better humoured people can scarcely exist; but I find they were, some centuries back, considered by the French as of a peculiarly irascible temper. The description of them given by Grosley, about a century ago, seems to agree very well with my personal observation. The people of Champagne, (prejudiced in their favour as I naturally was by their wine,) struck me as altogether dirtier than those of any other province I had visited; but they are, at least, nearly rivalled in this respect by the Burgundians, for whom I entertain, on the whole, a decided aversion. They appear to me to combine the more disagreeable points of their German ancestors and neighbours, with those of the more western Gauls. They have the heaviness and roughness of the one people, with the conceit and petulance of the other. They, as well as the Picards, are taller and stouter in general than the other French, but have a somewhat clumsy and *lubberly* appearance. German features and complexion are, at least, very common amongst them, particularly in the male sex.

But the Franche-Comptians, (inhabiting a district of old Burgundy,) struck me by qualities not hitherto remarked. In many of their customs, manners, and habitations, and even in personal appearance—at least upon the Jura—they assimilate much to the Swiss. Their character altogether seems like that of no continental nation, but rather that of the Irish, or some of the people of our western counties. They are more noisy and rough than the French, more jocular than the Swiss or Germans, and more talkative than the English. This I have observed in them, not only in their own country, but out of it; and the noisiest *conducteur* I ever travelled with, in a distant part of the kingdom, turned out on inquiry to be from Franche-Compte. This man, however, was civil and good-humoured, which is by no means always the case with his race. In appearance, taken altogether, the men are, I think, the finest race I have seen in France. They are not unfrequently tall, well made, and muscular, particularly in and near Beaumont and Dôle; and they are mostly stout and hardy. In the whole kingdom, the people of the German and Belgic provinces, and perhaps Normandy, can alone equal or surpass them in stature. They are often good-looking; their

features and complexions are various, the former being frequently marked and animated. Black hair and grey eyes, (very common in many parts of France,) seem most prevalent here.

In the French, generally, some recent changes in manners may be remarked, which their rapidly-succeeding revolutions, and the perpetual presence of foreigners, have tended to produce. They are less courteous than their ancestors, less loquacious, and less given to gesticulation and grimace; but, certainly, not less vain, though their vanity may have taken a different and more lofty, but less harmless direction: this is, in some degree, observable even in Paris. Still, the change is not so great as may be supposed, as the following considerations may, perhaps, show. The people of France may be, at present, classed in three great divisions:—1st., Those of the German and Flemish provinces comparatively recently annexed to it.—2nd., Those of the provinces bordering on the preceding, and partaking, in some measure, of their characteristics.—3rd., Those of the remaining, and by far the largest tracts of country, comprehending the south, west, and the greater part of the centre of the kingdom; and who are more especially marked by those qualities of person, mind, and manner, which we have so long considered proper to the nation. Formerly, it was with these last that the English were most familiar; whereas, since the late war, the frequent visits to Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, have rendered them, comparatively, more acquainted with the other divisions. Now, the miserable villages of Burgundy and their *saboté* population, do not differ more from Paris and its inhabitants, than do the Alsatians from the Provençals or Gascons. Add to these circumstances, the great influx of the men from these north-western provinces, and of strangers of all descriptions into Paris, and we shall not be surprised at the apparent difference between the French of the 18th and 19th centuries. In person, the people at an average grow smaller and darker as we proceed from the north-east to the south-west districts of the kingdom; and, (although it has pleased some French writers to assert the reverse,) I think it may be proved, that the mental stature of the nation is correspondent. In the two former divisions, the meagreness of frame attributed to the French seldom exists: they are less in height, bone, and sinew, than the British, but, by no means, generally deficient in flesh. Indeed, though instances of remarkable corpulence, particularly amongst men past the middle age, probably, occur more frequently in England than elsewhere, yet, in many parts of the continent, the men generally, and almost everywhere when young, have a more adipose appearance, which may be probably accounted

by the more active and manly habits of our people, wherever their inclination for bodily exertion is not controlled. In France, I consider the superiority of the women in general value over their male companions as very striking, despite many bad habits, which if their lords were worthy of them they would not, perhaps, acquire. They have often been stigmatized as ugly, but I think even that degraded class—the peasantry, when very young, are much the reverse; and when they are favoured by nature, their smaller size gives them a more delicate appearance than the English; allowing for inferior personal cleanliness, which often sadly obscures their charms. But, as the indolent and lounging men suffer or compel them to perform by far the greater share of their work, (to say nothing of that usually executed by brutes in other countries,) they soon grow old, and when old, unattractive. Not only do most of the labours of the farm commonly fall on females, but they may be occasionally seen towing boats on canals! what women could retain beauty and delicacy, for any length of time under such circumstances? Perhaps the conscription may render labourers scarce in some districts, but it will by no means absolve the Frenchmen from the charge of laziness, want of gallantry, and a deficiency of manly pride. A proper sense of the fitness of things, as regards the employment of the sexes, seems to exist no where in France. Many of their customs are perfect illustrations of what ought not to be. The freedom of the male attendants at inns, in entering the apartments of the guests, is well known. Amongst the offices usually allotted to men, but in France frequently performed by women, may be mentioned that of the barber. This practice, though liable to objections, is often much more agreeable to the patient than the commoner mode. It may be remarked, as a personal trait of the French women, that dark eyes and hair are much more general amongst them than the men. I have heard the same thing remarked of the females of other countries, and I think it may be also observed in our own nation; but not to the same degree as in France. The former feature amongst them is often remarkably bright and expressive.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

Although efficient on service, the French army possesses little to strike the eye, either in the equipment, carriage, or personal appearance of the men. The somewhat dingy blue uniforms, and red brick-dust coloured trousers of the infantry, have a heavy and unpleasant effect, particularly in summer; their hands are scarcely equal to ours; and their drums, (though equally martial, less musical than those of the English,) are unaccompanied by the fife or bugle. Their arms

are similar to ours, except that the flank companies wear a short sword. The long beards of the pioneers have a very imposing appearance, particularly at a distance; this is more than can be said of the short *moustache* of the rest, which only serves to show that, despite their small size, they are not really boys. The regular standard of altitude is from five feet one to two inches (English); but where I have seen an infantry soldier of six feet, I really think I have seen another (*full grown*) considerably under five; and thousands of conscripts are rejected every year for deficiency in stature. Even their grenadiers are of rather low stature, and would seldom obtain admission into a similar corps in our service. Their short step and stooping carriage cannot endure a comparison, in appearance, with the stately march of the British. Their extreme familiarity with their officers, although accounted for by their frequently belonging originally to the same class of society, might be advantageously dispensed with on duty: for even on parade, they may sometimes be seen laughing and talking together with the utmost levity. A certain fierceness of glance, (occasionally studied,) is very common amongst the privates, and still more so amongst the officers. Voltaire's well known character of his countrymen is still frequently applicable to them, both mentally and corporally. Though some of the cavalry are pretty well mounted, they are not to be compared in this respect with our own. As a nation, I should say, that in no respect can the French be said to be fond of horses. They are neither very partial to equestrian exercises, nor proud of the appearance of their cattle; nor do they appear to treat them with any particular kindness. The Swiss I think, in the two former respects, occupy a medium place between the French and English, and are more humane than either. The men of the French hussars and other light cavalry regiments are generally small; the dragoons are taller, and fine stout fellows. The Carabiniers again are superior to these in stature, being in this respect unequalled in the French army; but, martial and formidable as they are, they are eclipsed in all respects by our Life Guards, and perhaps by most of our heavy cavalry. I am much mistaken if the northern and Germanic provinces of France do not contribute more than their due proportion of recruits to the army, but especially to the cavalry. Many of these, indeed, might well pass for Englishmen by their physiognomy.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

France offers little that is beautiful in scenery, some ancient forests excepted, and still less that is imposing or sublime; although, doubtless, in so large a territory, many isolated scenes may be pointed out as deserv-

BRITISH COLONIES.

LOWER CANADA.

A FEW years since, Professor Silliman, of Yale College, spoke thus prophetically of this rapidly improving region: "Lower Canada is a fine country, and will hereafter become populous and powerful; especially as the British and Anglo-American population shall flow in more extensively, and impart more vigour and activity to the community. The climate, notwithstanding its severity, is very healthy and favourable to the freshness and beauty of the human constitution. All the most important comforts of life are easily and abundantly obtained." Each succeeding year has verified this prediction; but, no where has this advancement been more evident than in the Eastern Townships, lying between Quebec and Montreal, which district has already been noticed at page 40 of the present volume.

The prefixed Engraving is from one of a Series of Views in Lower Canada, lately published by the British American Land Company, of whose operations, Sherbrooke is the principal seat. Indeed, it may be considered as an average picture of a settlement somewhat advanced beyond the embryo state, which Mr. McGregor describes as "nothing more than log-houses, in small openings made in the forests, scattered along banks of rivers, roads, or the sea-shore, with occasionally a saw-mill, grist-mill, smithy, tavern, shop, place of worship, and school-house."

Sherbrooke stands on a pretty spot of alluvial soil, embosomed within rugged forest land. For ten miles further up, the river is navigated by boats, where it divides into two principal branches.

In the view are seen the principal buildings of Sherbrooke; as the Court House, the Catholic and Presbyterian churches, and the Academy.

MANUFACTURE OF POT AND PEARLASHES.

Pot and pearlashes are part of the staple produce of Canada, but the price in England has for a few years been so low as to offer but little inducement for extended manufacture in situations remote from cheap transport. The great improvement in chemistry of late years, and the reduction of the duty on salt, have offered substitutes whenever the article rises beyond a certain price.

Potash, (so termed from the large pots or kettles in which it is manufactured,) is a substance found in the ashes of all vegetables growing at a distance from the sea. It is extensively used for many purposes in the arts and sciences, being necessary in the making of glass, in bleaching, in soap-making, and also in medicine, where it is employed in many different forms, and under various modifications. It has been called at

different times, "kali," "vegetable alkali," &c.; but is known in commerce and in the operations where it is most abundantly used as "potash."

Although found in the ashes of all vegetables similarly placed beyond the influence of the sea air, it is, nevertheless, more abundant in some plants than others. Wormwood and some other herbaceous plants, such as potato-tops, &c., furnish a large proportion; next to these, the leaves of some trees and shrubs contain it in abundance, and after these, the different kinds of timber of *American* forest trees. The following trees give a progressive increase: maple, oak, elm, hickory, beech.

In general, the ashes of hard wood contain more Potash than those of the softer kinds. The method of manufacturing it is as follows: the wood or vegetables being burnt, the ashes are collected into large, wooden vessels, called "leach-tubs," having movable bottoms at a small distance from the true bottoms, to admit a portion of quicklime being introduced between them; the upper or movable bottom is placed at a small angle with the lower, in order to facilitate the draining off the fluid. Water is then poured upon the ashes in the tub, and after being allowed to stand for some time to dissolve, the saline matter is drained off by an orifice in the bottom. A second or third portion of water, generally hot, is now poured on, and being suffered to stand as before, is also drained off. In this manner, the ablation is continued until it passes off without taste or colour. The drained fluids are then mixed together, and called ley, and put into a large kettle and boiled until the water is evaporated. The saline mass remains in the bottom, and is called "black salts." In this state, the potash is mixed with a certain portion of vegetable matter, &c., requiring a further operation to fit it for market. The impure salts are, therefore, put into an iron pot, or kettles, subjected to a strong heat to melt them, and burn away such impurities as are combustible; from whence it is thrown, while in a state of fusion, into smaller vessels, termed "coolers," where it concretes into hard, solid masses, and is packed in barrels for market. The following table of the respective quantities of pure potash, and foreign substances contained in a given weight, is by the celebrated Vauquelin:—

Pearl Ashes contain—

Real Potash.	Sulphate of Pot.	Muriate of Pot. Matter.	Insoluble	Carbonic Acid and Water.
754	80	4	6	308
773	66	5	56	254
603	132	14	79	304
857	154	30	2	119
730	165	44	24	193

Russian Potashes—

Danish Ashes—

American Potashes—

Potashes of Trees—

The quantity he used was 1,152 parts, by which table it appears that the American article has the greatest proportion of real potash. The substance called *Pearlashes* is nothing more than the potashes as above made, refined to a certain degree by being put into vessels for the purpose, and submitted to an intense heat until melted. They are then thrown on iron plates, and allowed to cool and harden. This process burns away such vegetable matter as may remain after the former process; it improves the colour, and changes the appearance of the ashes, making them white, rough, and powdery. The pearling also diminishes the caustic property of the potashes, and is necessary to prepare potash for some purposes. —Gould's Practical Advice to Emigrants.

ROADSIDE NOTES ON FRANCE.

DILIGENCE-TRAVELLING.

THOUGH uninfected with the mania for railroads, if I were inclined to introduce them any where, it would be in France; a great part of which is so flat as to offer no impediment to their construction, and so monotonous and uninteresting to the eye, that the most ardent admirer of nature will find little, during journeys of many days, likely to tempt him to linger on his way. In the more legitimate and orthodox branch of the noble science of road-making, the French have also much to learn; notwithstanding the influx of English travellers has, doubtless, tended of late years to improve them. In the immediate vicinity of Paris, are still some of the worst roads I have ever seen. In wet weather, they are a sea of mud; in dry seasons, not to be matched, I believe, in the whole world, (the African deserts of sand excepted,) for the quantity, quality, and extreme subtlety of the dust. Of course, any kind of travelling is not likely to afford unalloyed pleasure; and a French *diligence*, with its horses, harness, or rather *tackle*, drivers, baggage, and the eternal jingling of its bells, cannot be expected to afford an exception to the rule. Yet, cumbersome as the *diligences* are, upsets rarely occur; they are also cheap, and tolerably clean, being much improved of late, in this respect. The horses, though dull, will stand a good deal of work, and the *conducteurs*, to whom, contrary to the English practice, the drivers are all subject, are generally, civil and active. The most annoying thing to the British traveller is the frequent, and apparently objectless, delay on the road, and the lazy movements of the ostlers, and other men of the stable; so different from the almost magical manner in which the "change" is effected at home. As the *diligences* carry only one or two outsiders, their berth, which is not always a very comfortable one, does not seem much coveted. The company in

the other compartments of the fabric is exceedingly mixed; much more so than is general inside our coaches. From what I have seen, I should certainly not advise any lady to travel alone, or even without a gallant knight or trusty squire, in these conveyances; yet females frequently seem to take the risk, and doubtless may often do so with impunity.

The two greatest drawbacks to pleasure in traversing France, are the want of cleanliness in the people, and the passport system and its accompanying grievances. Though the first has been, doubtless, diminished of late by English example, the French are yet very far our inferiors in this essential respect. Their style of cookery, too, renders the smell of their kitchens anything but agreeable. In England, the reverse is often the case: it serves even to excite the appetite of a hungry man; but in France, particularly in Champagne and Burgundy, it will often weaken that even of a traveller. The other annoyance I have alluded to, is more constant; and the inconvenience it occasions to passengers appears to me unredeemed by any great benefit to the state. He who journeys in France cannot be too much on his guard, nor too particular in inspecting any papers he may have to produce to the police.

THE FRENCH PEOPLE.

Never having made a long residence in France, I cannot say much of those characteristics of its people which lie beneath the surface; still, in the provinces which I have visited, I have observed some distinguishing traits amongst the natives, which I have not seen noticed by other travellers. The inhabitants of Picardy, part of the original Belgium, from a similarity of climate and a common origin, bear a considerable personal resemblance to the English; particularly on the coast, where this similitude has been increased by frequent colonies of our countrymen. They are rather stoutly made, and, though below our middle size, taller than most of their southern countrymen. I think their *donaniers* and national guards are generally superior in stature and appearance to most of the regular troops. Their complexions are, probably, not more than a shade or two darker than ours, though amongst the women dark eyes seem to predominate; and though their hair, also, is most commonly dark, it is often even sandy, particularly amongst the peasantry, who, with this and their high cheek bones, have a Scotch physiognomy, especially the elder women. The young women may be said to be often pretty, and sometimes remarkably so; and, (if tastes were not so various,) I should say that the average female population of no town with which I am acquainted, equals that of Calais in good

looks. There is a great variety of feature and complexion amongst them. Their manner and voice are also generally pleasing and feminine. The character of the men seems to resemble that of their Belgian neighbours, qualified by French habits and manners. They display much less real energy than ours when engaged in any undertaking, and they have not much of the grimace and useless gesticulation of the men of the south. From what I have seen of them, I should say a better humoured people can scarcely exist; but I find they were, some centuries back, considered by the French as of a peculiarly irascible temper. The description of them given by Grosley, about a century ago, seems to agree very well with my personal observation. The people of Champagne, (prejudiced in their favour as I naturally was by their wine,) struck me as altogether dirtier than those of any other province I had visited; but they are, at least, nearly rivalled in this respect by the Burgundians, for whom I entertain, on the whole, a decided aversion. They appear to me to combine the more disagreeable points of their German ancestors and neighbours, with those of the more western Gauls. They have the heaviness and roughness of the one people, with the conceit and petulance of the other. They, as well as the Picards, are taller and stouter in general than the other French, but have a somewhat clumsy and *lubberty* appearance. German features and complexion are, at least, very common amongst them, particularly in the male sex.

But the Franche-Comptians, (inhabiting a district of old Burgundy,) struck me by qualities not hitherto remarked. In many of their customs, manners, and habitations, and even in personal appearance—at least upon the Jura—they assimilate much to the Swiss. Their character altogether seems like that of no continental nation, but rather that of the Irish, or some of the people of our western counties. They are more noisy and rough than the French, more jocular than the Swiss or Germans, and more talkative than the English. This I have observed in them, not only in their own country, but out of it; and the noisiest *conducteur* I ever travelled with, in a distant part of the kingdom, turned out on inquiry to be from Franche-Compte. This man, however, was civil and good-humoured, which is by no means always the case with his race. In appearance, taken altogether, the men are, I think, the finest race I have seen in France. They are not unfrequently tall, well made, and muscular, particularly in and near Besançon and Dôle; and they are mostly stout and hardy. In the whole kingdom, the people of the German and Belgic provinces, and perhaps Normandy, can alone equal or surpass them in stature. They are often good-looking; their

features and complexions are various, the former being frequently marked and animated. Black hair and grey eyes, (very common in many parts of France,) seem most prevalent here.

In the French, generally, some recent changes in manners may be remarked, which their rapidly-succeeding revolutions, and the perpetual presence of foreigners, have tended to produce. They are less courteous than their ancestors, less loquacious, and less given to gesticulation and grimace; but, certainly, not less vain, though their vanity may have taken a different and more lofty, but less harmless direction: this is, in some degree, observable even in Paris. Still, the change is not so great as may be supposed, as the following considerations may, perhaps, show. The people of France may be, at present, classed in three great divisions:—1st., Those of the German and Flemish provinces comparatively recently annexed to it.—2nd., Those of the provinces bordering on the preceding, and partaking, in some measure, of their characteristics.—3rd., Those of the remaining, and by far the largest tracts of country, comprehending the south, west, and the greater part of the centre of the kingdom; and who are more especially marked by those qualities of person, mind, and manner, which we have so long considered proper to the nation. Formerly, it was with these last that the English were most familiar; whereas, since the late war, the frequent visits to Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, have rendered them, comparatively, more acquainted with the other divisions. Now, the miserable villages of Burgundy and their *sabot*-ed population, do not differ more from Paris and its inhabitants, than do the Alsacians from the Provençals or Gascons. Add to these circumstances, the great influx of the men from these north-western provinces, and of strangers of all descriptions into Paris, and we shall not be surprised at the apparent difference between the French of the 18th and 19th centuries. In person, the people at an average grow smaller and darker as we proceed from the north-east to the south-west districts of the kingdom; and, (although it has pleased some French writers to assert the reverse,) I think it may be proved, that the mental stature of the nation is correspondent. In the two former divisions, the meagreness of frame attributed to the French seldom exists: they are less in height, bone, and sinew, than the British, but, by no means, generally deficient in flesh. Indeed, though instances of remarkable corpulence, particularly amongst men past the middle age, probably, occur more frequently in England than elsewhere, yet, in many parts of the continent, the men generally, and almost everywhere when young, have a more adipous appearance, which may be probably accounted

Alt
army
either
appear
dingy
loured
and un
their b
their d
musical
compan

far by the more active and manly habits of our people, wherever their inclination for bodily exertion is not controlled. In France, I consider the superiority of the women in general value over their male companions as very striking, despite many bad habits, which if their lords were worthy of them they would not, perhaps, acquire. They have often been stigmatized as ugly, but I think even that degraded class—the peasantry, when very young, are much the reverse; and when they are favoured by nature, their smaller size gives them a more delicate appearance than the English; allowing for inferior personal cleanliness, which often sadly obscures their charms. But, as the indolent and lounging men suffer or compel them to perform by far the greater share of their work, (to say nothing of that usually executed by brutes in other countries,) they soon grow old, and when old, unattractive. Not only do most of the labours of the farm commonly fall on females, but they may be occasionally seen towing boats on canals! what women could retain beauty and delicacy, for any length of time under such circumstances? Perhaps the conscription may render labourers scarce in some districts, but it will by no means absolve the Frenchmen from the charge of laziness, want of gallantry, and a deficiency of manly pride. A proper sense of the fitness of things, as regards the employment of the sexes, seems to exist no where in France. Many of their customs are perfect illustrations of what ought not to be. The freedom of the male attendants at inns, in entering the apartments of the guests, is well known. Amongst the offices usually allotted to men, but in France frequently performed by women, may be mentioned that of the barber. This practice, though liable to objections, is often much more agreeable to the patient than the commoner mode. It may be remarked, as a personal trait of the French women, that dark eyes and hair are much more general amongst them than the men. I have heard the same thing remarked of the females of other countries, and I think it may be also observed in our own nation; but not to the same degree as in France. The former feature amongst them is often remarkably bright and expressive.

THE FRENCH ARMY.

Although efficient on service, the French army possesses little to strike the eye, either in the equipment, carriage, or personal appearance of the men. The somewhat dingy blue uniforms, and red brick-dust coloured trousers of the infantry, have a heavy and unpleasant effect, particularly in summer; their bands are scarcely equal to ours; and their drums, (though equally martial, less musical than those of the English,) are unaccompanied by the fife or bugle. Their arms

are similar to ours, except that the flank companies wear a short sword. The long beards of the pioneers have a very imposing appearance, particularly at a distance; this is more than can be said of the short *moustache* of the rest, which only serves to show that, despite their small size, they are not really boys. The regular standard of altitude is from five feet one to two inches (English); but where I have seen an infantry soldier of six feet, I really think I have seen another (*full grown*) considerably under five; and thousands of conscripts are rejected every year for deficiency in stature. Even their grenadiers are of rather low stature, and would seldom obtain admission into a similar corps in our service. Their short step and stooping carriage cannot endure a comparison, in appearance, with the stately march of the British. Their extreme familiarity with their officers, although accounted for by their frequently belonging originally to the same class of society, might be advantageously dispensed with on duty; for even on parade, they may sometimes be seen laughing and talking together with the utmost levity. A certain fierceness of glance, (occasionally studied,) is very common amongst the privates, and still more so amongst the officers. Voltaire's well known character of his countrymen is still frequently applicable to them, both mentally and corporeally. Though some of the cavalry are pretty well mounted, they are not to be compared in this respect with our own. As a nation, I should say, that in no respect can the French be said to be fond of horses. They are neither very partial to equestrian exercises, nor proud of the appearance of their cattle; nor do they appear to treat them with any particular kindness. The Swiss I think, in the two former respects, occupy a medium place between the French and English, and are more humane than either. The men of the French hussars and other light cavalry regiments are generally small; the dragoons are taller, and fine stout fellows. The Carabiniers again are superior to these in stature, being in this respect unequalled in the French army; but, martial and formidable as they are, they are eclipsed in all respects by our Life Guards, and perhaps by most of our heavy cavalry. I am much mistaken if the northern and Germanic provinces of France do not contribute more than their due proportion of recruits to the army, but especially to the cavalry. Many of these, indeed, might well pass for Englishmen by their physiognomy.

FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

France offers little that is beautiful in scenery, some ancient forests excepted, and still less that is imposing or sublime; although, doubtless, in so large a territory, many isolated scenes may be pointed out as deserv-

ving the admiration of the tourist. No part of the kingdom is, probably, less interesting in this respect, than the roads between Calais and the Jura. Some miles beyond Boulogne, there are well-wooded scenes and English-like villages; and occasionally fine sylvan views occur in the neighbourhood of Beauvais, over which the gigantic cathedral proudly towers; but except a part of the forest of Fontainebleau, of which, from the flatness of the road, little can be seen at once, the remainder of the journey is more tame and monotonous than can well be imagined. All Burgundy, especially, is dullness itself. Something like hills occur occasionally in the distance, but they rise and fall so regularly that they look like artificial mounds of earth. The entrance to Besançon is, however, striking, particularly by moonlight. There, nature has done much, and art more. Altogether the traveller will rarely pass through "a country so devoid of beauty and interest, or so utterly unpicturesque, as '*la belle France*.'" J. N.

Spirit of Biscoberry.

MR. CROSSE'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS RECENT EXPERIMENTS.

[EXTRACT of a letter from Mr. Stutchbury, of the Bristol Institution, to the Editor of the *Bristol Guardian*, dated Feb. 1, 1837.]

"I feel it a duty due to the cause in which I am engaged, and to the philosopher with whom they have originated, at once to take the liberty of transmitting to the press, and particularly the local press, from which so many reports have emanated, an abstract of a letter I have received from Mr. Crosse, with an account of his experiments, in the language of a private communication, (not that which he would probably have chosen had he made the communication himself,) and without further comment.

"The following is an accurate account of the experiments in which insects made their appearance:—Experiment the first. I took a dilute solution of silicate of potash, supersaturated with muriatic acid, and poured it into a quart basin resting on a piece of mahogany and a Wedgewood funnel in such a manner that a strip of flannel, wetted with the same, and acting as a syphon, conveyed the fluid, drop by drop, through the funnel upon a piece of somewhat porous Vesuvian red oxide of iron, which was thus kept constantly wetted by the solution, and across the surface of which, (by means of two platina wires connected with the opposite poles of a Voltaic battery, consisting of nineteen pairs of five-inch plates in cells filled with water, and 1-500 muriatic acid,) a constant electric current was passed. This was for the purpose of procuring crystals of silex. At the

end of fourteen days, I observed two or three very minute specks on the surface of the stone, white, and somewhat elevated. On the eighteenth day, fine filaments projected from each of these specks or nipples, and the whole figure was increased in size. On the twenty-second day, each of these figures assumed a more definite form, still enlarging. On the twenty-sixth day, each assumed the form of a perfect insect, standing upright on four or five bristles which formed its tail. On the twenty-eighth day, each insect moved its legs, and in a day or two afterwards, detached itself from the stone and moved at will. It so happened that the apparatus was placed fronting the south, but the window opposite was covered with a blind, as I found these little animals much disturbed when a ray of light fell on them; and, out of about fifty which made their appearance at once, at least forty-five took up their habitation on the north side of the stone. I ought to have added, that when all the fluid, or nearly so, was drawn out of the basin, it was caught in a glass bottle placed under a glass funnel which supported the stone, and was then returned into the basin without moving the stone. The whole was placed on a light frame made for the purpose. These insects have been seen by many of my friends, and appear when magnified very much like cheese-mites, but from twice to eight times the size, some with six legs, others with eight. They are covered with long bristles, and those at the tail, when highly magnified, are spiny. After they have been born some time they become amphibious, and I have seen them crawl about on a dry surface.

"Experiment the second. I took a saturated solution of silicate of potash, and filled a small glass jar with it, into which I plunged a stout iron wire, connected with the positive pole of a battery of twenty pairs of cylinders filled with water alone, and immersed in the same a small coil of silver wire connected with the negative pole of the same battery. After some weeks' action, gelatinous silex surrounded the iron wire, and, after a longer period, the same substance filled up the coil of silver wire at the other pole, but in much less quantity. In the course of time, one of these insects appeared in the silex at the negative pole, and there are at the present time not less than three well formed, precisely similar insects at the negative, and twelve at the positive pole, in all fifteen. Each of them is deeply imbedded in the gelatinous silex, the bristles of its tail alone projecting, and the average of them are half to three-quarters of an inch below the surface of the fluid.

"In this last experiment, we have neither acid, nor wood, nor flannel, nor iron ore. I will not say whether they would have been called to life without the electric agency or

not. *I offer no opinion, but have merely stated certain facts.*"

Anecdote Gallery.

A PERPETUAL MOTION SEEKER.

THE case of a watch-maker is recorded by the celebrated Pinel, physician to the Bicêtre, in Paris, during the Revolution and the Republic. This man was infatuated with the chimera of perpetual motion, and to effect this discovery he set to work with indefatigable ardour. From unremitting attention to the object of his enthusiasm, coinciding with the influence of revolutionary disturbances, his imagination was greatly heated, his sleep was interrupted, and, at length, a complete derangement took place. His case was marked by a most whimsical illusion of the imagination: he fancied that he had lost his head upon the scaffold; that it had been thrown promiscuously among the heads of many other victims; that the judges, having repented of their cruel sentence, had ordered these heads to be restored to their respective owners, and placed upon their respective shoulders; but, that in consequence of an unhappy mistake, the gentlemen who had the management of that business had placed upon his shoulders the head of one of his unhappy companions. The idea of this whimsical change of his head occupied his thoughts night and day, which determined his friends to send him to the Asylum. Nothing could exceed the extravagant flowings of his heated brain: he sung, he cried, or danced incessantly; and as there appeared no propensity to commit acts of violence or disturbance, he was allowed to go about the hospital without control, in order to expend, by evaporation, the effervescence of his spirits. "Look at these teeth!" he cried, "mine were exceedingly handsome; these are rotten and decayed. My mouth was sound and healthy; this is foul and diseased. What difference between this hair, and that of my own head!"

The idea of perpetual motion frequently recurred to him in the midst of his wanderings; and he chalked on all the doors or windows as he passed, the various designs by which his wondrous piece of mechanism was to be constructed. The method best calculated to cure so whimsical an illusion appeared to be that of encouraging his prosecution of it to satiety. His friends were accordingly requested to send him his tools, with materials to work upon, and other requisites, such as plates of copper, steel, and watch wheels. His zeal was now redoubled; his whole attention was riveted upon his favourite pursuit; he forgot his meals, and after about a month's labour, which he sustained with a constancy that deserved a better success, our

artist began to think that he had followed a false route. He broke into a thousand fragments the piece of machinery which he had fabricated with so much toil, and thought, and labour, entered upon the construction of another upon a new plan, and laboured with equal pertinacity for another fortnight. The various parts being completed, he brought them together; he fancied that he saw a perfect harmony amongst them. The whole was now finally adjusted;—his anxiety was indescribable—motion succeeded; it continued for some time, and he supposed it capable of continuing for ever. He was elevated to the highest pitch of enjoyment and triumph, and ran like lightning into the interior of the hospital, crying out, like another Archimedes, "At length I have solved this famous problem, which has puzzled so many men celebrated for their wisdom and talents!" Grievous to state, he was disconcerted in the midst of his triumph. The wheels stopped!—the "perpetual motion" ceased! His intoxication of joy was succeeded by disappointment and confusion; though, to avoid a humiliating and mortifying confession, he declared that he could easily remove the impediment; but, tired of that kind of employment, he was determined, for the future, to devote his attention solely to his business.

There still remained another imaginary impression to be counteracted, that of the exchange of his head, which unceasingly occurred to him. A keen and unanswerable stroke of pleasantry seemed best adapted to correct this fantastic whim. Another convalescent, of a gay and facetious humour, instructed in the part he should play in this comedy, adroitly turned the conversation to the subject of the famous miracle of St. Denis, in which it will be recollected that the holy man, after decapitation, walked away with his head under his arm, which he kissed, and consoled with for its misfortune. Our mechanician strongly maintained the possibility of the fact, and sought to confirm it by an appeal to his own case. The other set up a loud laugh, and replied, with a tone of the keenest ridicule, "Madman as thou art, how could St. Denis kiss his own head? Was it with his heels?" This equally unexpected and unanswerable retort forcibly struck the maniac. He retired confused amid the peals of laughter which were provoked at his expense, and never afterwards mentioned the exchange of his head.*

This is a very instructive case, inasmuch as it illustrates, in the clearest point of view, the moral treatment of the insane. It shows us the kind of mental remedies which are likely to be successful in the cure of disordered intellect. This disease was purely of the imagination, and the causes which pro-

* Ph. Pinel, *Traité Médico-Philosophique sur l'Aliénation Mentale*, &c.—Paris, 1809.

duced it did not lie very deep; neither were they such as, under proper management, were likely to produce any permanent alienation of mind. An intense application to the more speculative parts of his trade, had fixed his imagination upon the discovery of perpetual motion; mingling with this, when his judgment was half dethroned, came the idea of losing his own head, and getting a wrong one. And at a time when heads were falling indiscriminately around him, this second freak of the imagination, acting as a kind of interlude or by-play to the first, was one of the most natural that could be supposed. From the same reason that this person ran mad in attempting to discover perpetual motion, does the astronomer, of whose mind religious veneration forms a part, make the sun his god, and worship him as the creator of the world. From the same cause does the enthusiast spend whole nights in prayer, and the poet speak constantly in rhyme. Of the latter form of insanity I once saw a lady who never spoke in prose; her rhyme was easy and natural, and the facility with which it was composed and uttered wonderful. The ideas which produced this man's insanity were rather of a whimsical cast; springing from a mind of no great power, over which none of the passions appear to have exercised any marked or predominant sway.—*Analyst.*

REMARKABLE YEW-TREE.

Mr. GIBSON, bookseller in Oxford, found, a short time since, among some old books which he had recently purchased, and which were formerly the property of (the Rev.) Mr. Henry Bright, who was author of a small work on the virtues of British plants, an old copperplate print of a very large and curious yew-tree, said to have been growing, about 1723, in the village of Arlington, Middlesex. This print is headed, "Poet John Saxy upon his Yew-Tree, Nov. 1729;" and it is accompanied by a copy of verses, from which it appears that it must have been as much as 50 ft. or 60 ft. in height. It was surrounded at the bottom of its trunk by a wooden seat, above which, at 10 ft. from the ground, was a large circular canopy, formed by the tree itself, which was, according to Poet Saxy,—

"So thick, so fine, so full, so wide,
A troop of guards might under it ride."

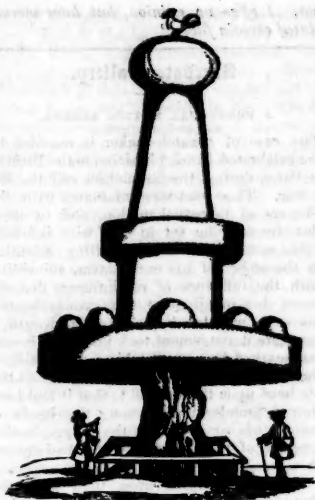
Ten feet above this canopy was another, of much smaller dimensions; and above that a pyramid, about 20 ft. high, surmounted by a globe 10 ft. in diameter; and this globe was crowned by—

"A weathercock, who gaped to crow it
This world is mine, and all below it."

In the rhymes, this tree, it is said,—

"Yields to Arlington a fame
Much louder than its Earldom's name;"

from which it may be inferred, that it grew in



(Remarkable Yew-tree.)

some churchyard in the parish of Arlington, though the paper is endorsed, "The Yew-Tree at Harlington, Middlesex."—*Gardener's Magazine.*

New Books.

RAMBLER IN EGYPT AND CANDIA.

By Captain C. Rochfort Scott.

[Besides containing attractive, sketchy descriptions of the present face of the above countries, Captain Scott's two volumes comprise many details of their military power and resources, with observations on the government, policy, and commercial system of Mohammed Ali. These views, though not precisely adapted for our quotation, are nearly as entertaining as they are important; since every one must feel interested in one of the oldest countries of the world being remodelled, as it were, by the aid of the mightiest means of our time, as the steam-engine and the railway. Such a scene Egypt at this moment presents to the philosophic inquirer and the reflective traveller. How congenial to their minds must it be to view the operations of the steam-engine, the giant of our times, in association with the pyramids—those stupendous works of a people whose exploits shine in the earliest pages of man's history. How impressive too, is the picture of such a country rising in civilisation upon the ashes of its former greatness; and, under a wise ruler, participating in the innumerable benefits which science and art are daily

showering upon mankind. Into such a train of thought, Captain Scott's work is well calculated to conduct any but the most listless reader.

Our first extract relates to a subject of exhaustless amusement, namely—]

Egyptian Magic.

The trade of conjuring is a very profitable one in Egypt, for, on any thing being lost, a magician is immediately sent for, who, after going through the mummerly usually practised on such occasions, and extracting from his credulous employers a sum generally equivalent to the article lost, leaves the house with the grave but consoling assurance that, sooner or later, the missing property will indubitably be restored to its owner. If, by any chance, the article should be afterwards found, the magician obtains all the credit of the recovery: and if not, the bereft wight still lives in hopes that it will eventually be spirited back to him, and the wise man loses nothing of his oracular reputation by the temporary delay in the fulfilment of his promise.

I cannot do better, whilst on this subject, than introduce my readers to the celebrated magician of Western Africa, whose wonderful necromantic power has been mysteriously alluded to by former travellers, as something that ought not to be lightly spoken of.

For a few dollars, I engaged this magician to come out to Old Cairo to exhibit his supernatural art to a party of friends assembled there one evening during the beiram. The following is a succinct account of the mummerly he went through on the occasion, which, as I am informed, differed in no material point from that he is usually in the habit of practising.

We had, at his desire, provided a boy, who was not to be more than fourteen years of age; and we took care to select one who, we had every reason to believe, was a perfect stranger to him. The magician commenced his operations by writing some characters on a long slip of paper, in sentences of two or three lines each, drawing an ink line across the paper at the conclusion of each sentence. Then, after wiping the boy's forehead, (from which the perspiration was already starting from fright, he stuck another piece of paper, covered, like the former, with hieroglyphics, under his skull-cap, so as to throw a shadow upon his eyes, and prevent his looking up.

Taking the boy's hand in his, the magician then described with ink a square figure in the palm, drawing divers figures all over it in a very mysterious manner, as if the result of profound calculation. Finally, pouring a considerable quantity of ink into the boy's hand, so as to form quite a pool, upon which he desired him to keep his eyes steadfastly fixed, forcing his head down at

the same time to within a few inches of his hand.

As the Hebrew seers of old are said to have required the aid of music to excite the spirit of prophecy, so our magician seemed to think that a monotonous noise, (I have no doubt very like what Hebrew music was, judging from the way in which the Jews now sing their Psalms,) would assist him in the delusion of his victim. He accordingly began muttering, with great rapidity, some unintelligible jargon—mostly a repetition of the same words over and over again—until he was nearly breathless. Whilst so doing, he kept sprinkling some incense, coriander-seeds, and other things, into a charcoal fire, placed in a brazier by his side; and after the space of some minutes, he committed to the flames one of the sentences which he cut off the long slip of paper. He then asked the boy if he saw any thing, and, on his replying several times in the negative, observed that he feared the lad was very stupid.

Shortly after this remark, the boy, thus spurred into intelligence, exclaimed that he saw something.

"What is it?" asked the necromancer, with well-feigned eagerness, repeating his invocations with increased rapidity.

"It is a little boy," said the lad.

"But has he not something in his hand?" asked the sage.—"Does he not hold a flag?"

"Yes, yes, he has a flag."

"Do you only see one?"

"Oh, yes! now I see two."

In this way the boy was persuaded that he successively saw seven flags, seven tents, the Sultan, and, finally, a large army; and only three of the mysterious slips of paper had yet been consumed.

Being quite satisfied with the success of this branch of his magic, we begged him to give us another specimen of his wonderful powers—upon which he requested us to name any person we pleased, saying that he would undertake to make him appear to the boy, who should describe him to us. He failed most completely in every instance but one; which, however, we did not think it necessary to tell him.

I asked to see Mr. —, a writer for a certain London newspaper, who happened to have recently arrived at Cairo. The boy described him as a stout personage, with a large head, wearing a white hat and a black coat, and having the carriage of a Sultan.

Taking my cue from the magician, I asked what business had brought him to Egypt? Whether he had not come to make Mohammed Ali Soltan? He answered, "Yes, with a great deal of money, and loud thunder." Such an announcement could not but cause great amusement to the party assembled, and proportionate discomfort to the conjuror,

who was quite at a loss to account for our immoderate merriment.

A lady of the party afterwards took the lad's place, submitting to the same ceremonies that had attended his mystification; and, though fully convinced of the absurdity of the juggle, and determined not to be persuaded into seeing any thing, yet, ere ten minutes had elapsed, she fancied she saw a flag and two stars. We endeavoured in vain to persuade her that what she saw was but the reflection of her own eyes, and the shadow of the piece of paper dangling from her forehead; but she became so much excited that her friends would not suffer her to remain longer under the magic influence.

The conjurer refused to try his art upon grown-up males. The delusion is evidently produced by gradually working upon feelings already predisposed, by superstition, or other causes, to the necessary state of excitement. The extraordinary power of association, as in the diseased system of a dreamer, makes the victim believe that he sees any thing brought to his imagination. The fumes of the incense, and unearthly sounds, were of themselves sufficient to cause a wandering in the boy's ideas; and the constrained position of his head, and fixedness of his eyes upon the shining surface of the pool of ink, (which reflected his own black face and bright eyes, *ad infinitum*;) may easily be supposed to have completed his mystification.

[In the next quotation, we find a refutation of one of the marvels of antiquity—]

The Labyrinth of Crete.

The village of Avenusson is a much more inviting *locale* than Agius Decca, being embosomed in groves of fruit-trees, and watered by a limpid rivulet. Soon after passing this village, the pathway to the labyrinth strikes off to the right, ascending the steep mountain, on the acclivity of which this wonder of the world is situated. It requires a scramble of three-quarters of an hour to reach it; for, although but a short distance from the road, it is elevated at least six hundred feet above the plain, and the pathway is obstructed by rocks and bushes.

The entrance cannot be discerned until within one hundred paces of it. It faces the south, and is evidently one of the natural caverns so common in the island, and indeed in the sides of all mountains of the same geological character.

From this *vestibule*, a passage of considerable width, but obstructed by huge blocks of rock, leads for some distance into the heart of the mountain, when, turning sharply to the left, and diminishing suddenly to a width and height of between four and five feet, it continues in that direction for about eighty paces. This inconvenient *boyau* is the only passage in the labyrinth that obliges one to

bend the back. At its termination, we arrived at a kind of star-chamber, (I mean a chamber in the form of a star,) from which passages branch off in all directions, leading to other chambers, where new radii conduct still further into the interior of the mountain, forming indeed a very intricate net-work, of which some idea may be formed by those who are acquainted with the purlieus of St. Giles's, by merely imagining a succession of subterranean *seven dials*.

The roof of all these numerous passages and chambers is one uninterrupted, even surface, for though they differ materially in height, yet this irregularity is chiefly caused by the greater or less accumulation of stones and rubbish heaped upon the floors, over which the adventurer has sometimes to make his way at the risk of his neck. Some of the chambers, however, are entered by steps, the floors being sunk, but even of these the roof is invariably on the same hanging level.

The passages are sufficiently complex and tortuous to puzzle any one who visits them for the first time; but to persons accustomed to thread these mazes, like our guides, I should say, that the huge harks of twine and extravagant supply of torches and wax-tapers were called for merely by the *charlatanerie* of their profession; and I feel persuaded that, bearing in mind the before-noticed peculiarity in the formation of the roof of this extraordinary place, any one provided with plenty of wax candles, presence of mind, a box of lucifers, and the organ of locality, ought to find his way out of it. The direction of the chain of hills is east and west; their composition a soft limestone, disposed in thin, parallel strata, underlying slightly north. Recollecting, therefore, that the roof is always the under part of the same stratum—it is clear that all the passages which are on an inclined plane parallel to that of the roof must run north and south,—whilst these which are level must be in the direction of the range of hills, and can not, therefore, lead to the entrance facing the south, which must, consequently, be sought for, by attaining the very highest level of the passages on an inclined plane.

One passage that we followed, with every appearance of caution on the part of our guides, brought us, after divers windings, to a small chamber, of which the roof having given way to the constant action of a trickling stream, and formed numerous stalactites, has assumed the appearance of the interior of a Gothic spire. The water is constantly dripping, and some charitable person has furnished the chamber with an earthenware vase to collect the stream and enable the traveller to quench his thirst. This is the only part of the labyrinth that we found uncomfortable damp, and in no place was the air hot or disagreeable.

Another passage conducted us to a large chamber, which we were informed was the *ne plus ultra* in that direction—I think our guides called it the hall of sacrifice. The venturesome persons who, by the aid of flambeaux and twine, penetrate “thus far into the bowels of the earth,” consider themselves entitled to lay claim to immortality by inscribing their names on the wall. Amongst others were those of Mustapha Pasha, and of a French lady, Madame C—, whom her tender husband described as being “*enceinte de 5 mois*.”

The purpose for which this labyrinth was formed is yet a matter of conjecture. There is not the slightest indication of its having been a place of burial, and the narrow entrance is very much against the supposition of its having been a stone quarry—indeed, it is quite unreasonable to suppose that the builders of Götyna should have come here for stone when they had plenty of the same kind much nearer at hand.

It most probably was a natural cavern, which served in early ages as a place of refuge for the inhabitants of the plain below, against the marauding visits of their more powerful neighbours; and thus came to be enlarged to contain their stores of grain as well as their families, and, finally, to assume its present regular appearance.

Some doubts have been started as to this cavern being the famed labyrinth from which Theseus was delivered by the contrivance of the love-stricken Ariadne. Far be it from me to throw the shadow of a doubt on the truth of a tale of such true love, but I needs must confess that the *locale* but ill agrees with the account handed down to us of the Minotaur's abode; for voracious Greek authors state that it had an opening on the sea shore—now this certainly never possessed such a back-door, for it is, at least, six miles from the coast.

[In taking leave of Captain Scott's work, we do not hesitate to recommend it as one of the most intelligent books of the season.]

Potes of a Reader.

GAY MELANCHOLY.

THE history of Madge Wildfire, previous to her derangement, is well known to all who have read—and who has not read?—that *chef d'œuvre* of the wizard of the north, the *Heart of Mid Lothian*. Illicit love and its consequences, in a character of low extraction, whom beauty raised above her station, were the predisposing causes of her malady. Her personal charms appear to have attracted much attention, and a considerable degree of vanity and self-love formed a prominent feature in her character. This ruling passion of her mind runs through the whole of her his-

tory when insane, and stamps all its workings with a peculiar feature. Facts teach us that persons in whom vanity or *amour-propre* form a predominating part of the disposition, if afflicted with insanity, from whatever cause it may arise, the ideas of health are renewed in a modified and exalted form in the state of disease; and as the tenor of the mind when awake, determines, in a great measure, the nature of our dreams—so does the stamp of the sane intellect throw the hue of its colouring over the imaginations of the insane. The vain are apt, in this condition, to imagine themselves queens and princesses, and are more greedy of admiration, than ambitious of power. This turn of the insane mind is peculiar to females. It is well exemplified in some of Madge's ditties:—

“I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own;
The lady of Beaver in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so happy as mine.

“I'm queen of the wake, and I'm lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day;
The wild fire that dances so fair and so free,
Was never so bright or so bonnie as me.”

Bred at a distance from the court, and in an obscure village, the imagination of Madge wonderfully adapts itself to the circumstances of her previous life. Had she been accustomed to society of a higher order, she would probably have fancied herself a royal queen, but the fancy having no materials of this kind to work upon, she exalts herself to that dignity which, in rural sport, is generally awarded to the most beautiful. The tenor of all this maniac's history strictly accords with the illustration I have given of it; but her death-bed scene is one of the most feeling that the pen of the narrator or historian ever sketched. In the most violent and perfect maniacs, alarming disease very commonly partially or completely restores the mental faculties; the body acts by way of revulsion upon the mind, and the disorder appears to be removed from one by the action of disease in another. Most commonly this return of consciousness is rather an unsteady twinkling than a fixed and brilliant light. The mind seizes ideas which it fancies are not new; looks upon objects in a truer light. The causes of its observation become apparent; and however gay the paroxysms of the disorder may have been, there is frequently a tinge of profound melancholy attends these periods of mental health, especially where the occasion of its overthrow has been crime, or great misfortune. When these periods immediately precede dissolution, as they frequently do, there is always an instructive “*persuasion*” of its approach. The maniac is aware that his troubles are past, that his toils are at an end, that his grief and his gaiety, the troubles of his spirit, and the wanderings of his imagination, will all sleep the sleep that

knows no waking.* All the wanderings of Madge's partially restored mind upon her sick bed, centre in her approaching death, and the whole of the portions of old ballads collected in her roving and desultory life bear upon this point.

"Our work is over, over now;—
The Goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain winds slow away,
And we are free to sport and play;
The night comes on, when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done;
When autumn's gone and winter's come
We hold our jolly harvest home."

Again, in a strain of a different character—

"When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage vest is wrought,
When faith hath chased cold doubt away,
And hope but sickens at delay,
When charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere;
Doff thy robes of sin and clay,
Christian, rise! and come away."

The next snatches are extremely pathetic, and indicate a greater degree of consciousness than was exhibited by the former. Memory assumes more power, and the poor maniac looks back with sorrow and shame at the crimes and misfortunes of her past life, and her once happy home—contrasts it with her present situation as an outcast on the bed of charity; and prophecies that an evil and sudden termination of existence must attend the author of all her miseries:

"Cold is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow;
But thine shall be as sad and cold,
My false true love, to-morrow.
And weep ye not my maiden's free,
'Tho' death your mistress borrow:
For be for whom I die to-day,
Shall die for me to-morrow."

Her last words relate to her burial, which a strange mixture of ideas confuse with a wedding:

"Tell me, thou bonnie bird,
When shall I marry me?
'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."
'Who makes the bridal bed?
Birdie, say truly.'
'The grey-headed sexton,
That delves the grave truly.'
'The glow-worm o'er gravestones,
Shall light there steady,
The owl, from the steeple, sing
'Welcome, proud lady!'"

Such is an example illustrating the imagination of that form of mental derangement termed *mania mitis*, *amenomania*, or gay melancholy.—*The Analyst*.

"It is rare," says Foville, "that the insane die in a state of mental alienation; they generally fall victims to some bodily disorder, and the mind recovers, in some measure, its sanity before dissolution. Even where the most complete fatuity has been produced by long continued mental derangement, an unsteady glimmering of reason occasionally returns. The intellect appears to approach once more the throne of reason, to linger about the scenes in which she once delighted, and to recall for once more, and but for a moment, ideas which she once possessed, and which she is about to part with for ever." How true is our author's character to nature!

The Public Journals.

MEMORANDA OF BENTHAM.
(Abridged from the *Monthly Repository*.)

THE frontispiece of the *Monthly Repository*, (No. 121,) presents the likeness of Bentham—a philosopher whose long life was incessantly and laboriously devoted to the good of his species; in pursuance of which he ever felt that incessant labour a happy task, that long life but too short for his benevolent object. The preservation of his remains by his physician and friend, to whose care they were confided, was in exact accordance with his own desire. He had early in life determined to leave his body for dissection. By a document dated as far back as the year 1769, he being then only twenty-two years of age, he bequeathed it for that purpose to his friend, Dr. Fordyce. The document is in the following remarkable words:—

"This my will and special request I make, not out of affectation of singularity, but to the intent and with the desire that mankind may reap some small benefit in and by my decease, having hitherto had small opportunities to contribute thereto while living."

A memorandum affixed to this document shows that it had undergone his revision two months before his death, and that this part of it had been solemnly ratified and confirmed. The Anatomy Bill, which has been passed since his death, for which a foundation had been laid in the *Use of the Dead to the Living*, (first published in the *Westminster Review*, and afterwards separately, and a copy given to every Member of Parliament,) and which Mr. Warburton succeeded in carrying through the House of Commons, has removed the main obstructions in the way of obtaining anatomical knowledge; but the state of the law previous to the adoption of the Anatomy Act was such as to foster the popular prejudices against dissection, and the effort to remove those prejudices was well worthy of a philanthropist. After all the lessons which science and humanity might learn from the dissection of his body had been taught, Bentham further directed, that the skeleton should be put together and kept entire; that the head and face should be preserved; and that the whole figure, arranged as naturally as possible, should be attired in the clothes he ordinarily wore, seated in his own chair, and maintaining the aspect and attitude most familiar to him. In this there mingled nothing of vain glory nor "affectation of singularity." He believed that, to the friends whom he left behind, it would be a source of pleasure thus to retain him still among them; and that future generations would joy to see the real appearance of the man to whom they could not but know that they were so largely indebted.

There are relations, and associations arising out of them, which might render the sight of the cold, rigid, unmoving, passionless semblance of the being who had been the subject of them, too intense, too painful, to be endured. But the emotions of veneration, and even of tender affection, are not incompatible with the power of beholding, with a sensation allied to pleasure, a faithful and vivid likeness of life. Those who had the deepest personal regard for Mr. Bentham, after the subsidence of the first painful feeling, have witnessed the present embodiment of his person, features, and expression, with the most entire satisfaction; as a work of art it is admirable; as an idiosyncratic likeness it has been seldom equalled.

Mr. Bentham was perfectly aware that difficulty and even obloquy might attend a compliance with the directions he gave concerning the disposal of his body. He therefore chose three friends, whose firmness he believed to be equal to the task, and asked them if their affection for him would enable them to brave such consequences. They engaged to follow his directions to the letter, and they have been faithful to their pledge.

We do not know how better to describe the manner in which the first part of this duty was performed by the medical friend to whom the care of his body after death was specially confided, than by transcribing the account of it given in the number of the *Repository* for July, 1832, by an eye-witness (W. J. Fox):—

"None who were present can ever forget that impressive scene. The room* is small and circular, with no window but a central skylight, and capable of containing about 300 persons. It was filled, with the exception of a class of medical students and some eminent members of that profession, by friends, disciples, and admirers of the deceased philosopher, comprising many men celebrated for literary talent, scientific research, and political activity. The corpse was on the table in the middle of the room, directly under the light, clothed in a night dress, with only the head and hands exposed. There was no rigidity in the features, but an expression of placid dignity and benevolence. This was at times rendered almost vital by the reflection of the lightning playing over them; for a storm arose just as the lecturer commenced, and the profound silence in which he was listened to, was broken, and only broken, by loud peals of thunder, which continued to roll at intervals throughout the delivery of his most appropriate and often affecting address. With the feelings which touch the heart in the contemplation of departed greatness, and in the presence of death, there mingled a sense of the power which that lifeless body seemed to be exer-

cising in the conquest of prejudice for the public good, thus co-operating with the triumphs of the spirit by which it had been animated. It was a worthy close of the personal career of the great philanthropist and philosopher. Never did corpse of hero on the battle field 'with his martial cloak around him,' or funeral obsequies chanted by stoled and mitred priests in gothic aisles, excite such emotions as the stern simplicity of that hour in which the principle of utility triumphed over the imagination and the heart."

A review of the life of Bentham exercises the same influence over the mind as that which is here so finely described as attending on its close. There is throughout the same "stern simplicity," imparting to the "principle of utility" by the unity and consistency of its influence over all his actions, a power of touching the feelings, while it addresses itself to the intellect. It is impossible, without emotion, to contemplate him devoting, for upwards of half a century, eight hours a day, and sometimes twelve—to intense study—having in that study no view whatever to his own interest or advancement, but solely the benefit of mankind, and contented to wait for a result till future generations should be able to perceive, what he did not expect from his contemporaries, the nature and extent of the work he had achieved. For this work he very early quitted the practice of the law, the imperfections and absurdities of which disgusted him. His own account of his reasons is given with his characteristic simplicity:—

"These things (instances of chicanery and falsehood), and others of the same complexion, in such immense abundance, determined me to quit the profession; and as soon as I could obtain my father's permission, I did so; I found it more to my taste to endeavour, as I have been doing ever since, to put an end to them, than to profit by them."

The object of his labours was to apply the principle of utility, or more properly of felicity, to the science of legislation; making the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" the sole aim of that science, and the basis of every one of its enactments.

He advanced very considerably towards the completion of an all-comprehensive system or code of internal law, divided into four minor codes; the constitutional, the civil, the penal, and the administrative.

He had matured a system of prison discipline, with a view to make punishment corrective, an exposition of which was given in his work called "Panopticon." In 1793, he presented his plan of management to Mr. Pitt, and it was adopted by him with enthusiasm. Notwithstanding, after years spent in delay, it was abandoned. A secret influence, at that time inexplicable, but now well known to have been the hostility of George

* The Lecture-room of the Webb street School of Anatomy.

III., defeated the object. The writer of the able article on Bentham, in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, states, that this prison, for regularly containing 1,000 prisoners, would have cost the public between 20,000*l.* and 30,000*l.*: while the present wretched Millbank Penitentiary, arranged for 600, has already cost at least ten times that sum. In his work called "Deontology," he applied his principle to the science of morals.

Mr. Bentham was among the rare instances of vigour of intellect following a precocious childhood. We are told that he read Rapin's *History of England* for his amusement when he was three years old; as a child he commenced the study of music, and at five years of age had attained some proficiency on that difficult instrument, the violin; singularly enough, at the same age, he had acquired the name of "the Philosopher," among the members of his family, from his gravity of manner and accurate powers of observation. He distinguished himself both at Westminster School and at Oxford, and took his Master's degree at the age of twenty. He suffered great scruples about signing the 39 Articles, necessary to be done before taking the degree. He eventually yielded to authority, solely from considerations of his father.

On becoming possessed of a competency at the death of his father, he fixed his residence in Queen's Square Place, London, and his mode of living continued to be uniform until the period of his death. He carefully avoided engaging in any personal controversy, and never read any of the attacks made upon himself; at the same time he surrounded himself only with persons whose sympathies were like his own. Some excellent remarks on the probable influence of such a course on the character of his mind, are contained in the article of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, which we have quoted above. Some of his peculiarities, which to a certain degree lessened his usefulness, may be traced to this source; amongst others, the singularity of his style, which grew upon him as he advanced in life. His manners were playful and childlike. He was fond of entertaining one or two guests, never more than two at a time; and, after dinner, of discussing some particular point with them on which they were most competent to speak. He was a great economist of time, and all his occupations were systematically arranged. Though of delicate constitution in his youth, he gradually increased in vigour as he approached manhood, and for 60 years he scarcely suffered from even slight indisposition. At the age of 84 he was not constitutionally older than most men are at 60, and the clearness and power of his intellect remained nearly unimpaired to the last.

"The serenity and cheerfulness of his

mind, when he became satisfied that his work was done, and that he was about to lie down to his final rest, was truly affecting. On that work he looked back with a feeling which would have been a feeling of triumph, had not the consciousness of how much still remained to be done, changed it to that of sorrow, that he was allowed to do no more: but this feeling again gave place to a calm but deep emotion of exultation, as he recollected that he left behind him able, zealous, and faithful minds, that would enter into his labours and complete them.

"The last subject on which he conversed with me, and the last office in which he employed me, related to the permanent improvement of the circumstances of a family, the junior member of which had contributed, in some degree, to his personal comfort; and I was deeply impressed and affected by the contrast thus brought to my view, between the selfishness and apathy so often the companions of age, and the generous care for the welfare of others, of which his heart was full.

"Among the very last things which his hand penned, in a book of memoranda, in which he was accustomed to note down any thought or feeling that passed through his mind, for future revision and use, if susceptible of use, was found the following passage:—

"I am a selfish man, as selfish as any man can be. But in me, somehow or other, so it happens, selfishness has taken the shape of benevolence. No other man is there upon earth, the sight of whose sufferings would not to me be a more or less painful one: no man upon earth is there, the sight of whose enjoyments, unless believed by me to be derived from a more than equivalent suffering endured by some other man, would not be of a pleasurable nature rather than of a painful one. Such in me is the force of sympathy!"

"And this force of sympathy governed his very last hour of consciousness. Some time before his death, when he firmly believed he was near that last hour, he said to one of his disciples who was watching over him:—"I now feel that I am dying. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the youths; it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone; *you* will remain with me, and you only; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount."

—Lecture, p. 68—60.

He died on the 6th of June, 1833, in the 85th year of his age. S. D.

The Naturalist.

THE COLTS-FOOT, (*Tussilago farfara*.)

THE flowers come before the leaves. In the bud, they are pendulous; erect, when

expanded and in vigour; when they begin to fade, they contract their petals together, and again hang their heads, lamenting, as it were, their departed beauty; but, before long, the seeds being matured and ready to be dispersed, they rise again erect, that the breeze may waft them more certainly to a soil fitted for their germination in a future spring. I know not a more interesting proof that the actions of plants are not explicable on mechanical principles.—*Johnston's Flora of Berwick-upon-Tweed*, (1829,) i., 183.

J. H. F.

PERIODICAL REGULARITY OF NATURAL OCCURRENCES.

In the *Mirror*, vol. xxiv., p. 149, will be found some examples of the periodical regularity of the acts of animals. The Rev. W. T. Bree makes the following observations relative to the subject:—We have heard the remark made, that were a naturalist to be cast into a profound sleep, for a long and indefinite period, so as to be totally unconscious of the lapse of time, whenever he awoke, he would at once be able, on merely walking abroad and viewing the natural objects around him, to state with accuracy not only the month of the year, but also the very day of the month on which he roused from his slumber; so regular and constant, for the most part, are the operations of nature, and the various occurrences of the seasons. The above remark was forcibly brought to my mind this spring, on referring to my calendar for the last few years, and observing the punctuality evinced by the rooks in commencing the work of building their nests. By commencing the work of building, I would be understood to mean, their actually collecting and carrying sticks, &c., for that purpose; for it is well known that, long before a single stick or particle of other material is carried to the rookery, the rooks themselves, with much ceremonious clamour and cawing, are in the daily habit of paying regular visits at stated hours to the trees they are about to occupy; on which occasions we may presume, they hold council, select their sites, and form their plans and calculations, as do other builders. It is only from the year 1831, inclusive, that I have particularly noted down the day of the month on which these birds commence their operations; and in these five years, I find there is a variation of only three days. Twice they began to build on March 9th, twice on the 10th, and once on the 8th: viz. in 1831, on March 9; in 1832, on March 8; in 1833, on March 9; in 1834, on March 10; in 1835, on March 10; it would seem, therefore, that, in the case of the rooks at least, the business of nidification is only in a very slight degree either hastened or retarded by the forwardness or backwardness of the season. The

earliest date above recorded occurs in the spring of 1832, which was a backward season.—*Magazine of Natural History*, ix., 544.

J. H. F.

SIGHT AND SMELL OF INSECTS.

On this subject, Mr. Fennell has communicated the following observations to the *Entomological Magazine*, vol. iv. p. 81:—

"The sense of smell is unquestionably a material guide to insects in the discovery of their food: but, as we are aware of the fact of the bee possessing five eyes, and others of this class having as many, and in some cases more, I think that to such as these we may with greater propriety ascribe acuter powers of vision than of smell, and especially when we consider that hitherto no naturalist has detected the seat of smell in insects. I have often observed that when an insect discovers a flower by its sight, it does not assure itself of its reality or of its containing honey by using its sense of smell; for, if it did do so, it would not waste its time in vainly searching for food in the honeyless nectaries. Bees may be frequently seen to alight upon flowers which have been completely deprived of their honey by bees that had previously visited them—instances which show that they are led thither by their vision; for if smell were then their guide, they would not be deceived. Some time since, a tortoise-shell butterfly entered my room, and flew in a direct line to some artificial flowers placed under glass covers, about the smooth, slippery sides of which it flattered, spoiling its wings in vain attempts to gain its object. I once saw, at Paddington, a bee's attention for a long time engaged by the sight of some flowers painted upon a china dish, and against which it flew, appearing much balked to find them hard and honeyless. Now, if these insects have such an acute sense of smell as some writers ascribe to them, how comes it that it allows their vision to mislead them?"

The Gatherer.

A Long Yarn.—The longest rope on record in one unspliced piece, has just been finished in Sunderland. It is upwards of 4,000 yards long, 7 inches in circumference, and 12 tons weight, and will cost about 400*l*. It is for the use of the London and Birmingham Railway.—*Times*.

It appears that some experiments have been recently made in the United States, when the blood flowing from the arm of a man addicted to spirituous liquors actually took fire, being placed in contact with a lighted taper!—*Curiosities of Medical Experience*.

Scotland.—(By Sir Robert Peel.)—I have studied the map of Scotland in the bosom of nature from the summits of Ben Nevis and Ben Lomond. I visited that island from which savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the inestimable blessings of religion. Yes, amid the ruins of Iona, I abjured that frigid philosophy that would conduct us unmoved over any ground, however dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. I stood on the shores of Staffa—I have gazed on the temple not built with human hands—I have seen the mighty heavings of the ocean—the pulsations of the great Atlantic. I have explored its inmost recesses, and I have heard those swellings, nobler than any that ever pealed down cathedral side. I have lived on the banks of the Spey two autumns, and I want no guide to the towering mountains, and amid the dreary shores of Badenoch. I could now find my way from Corriarich to Loch Logan. I have climbed your mountain sides and your craggy peaks with no companion but a Highland shepherd. Many an hour have I passed listening to his simple annals and artless views of human life. I have learned to admire, by personal intercourse, a proud and independent spirit, chastened by a natural courtesy. I have seen him with intelligence apparently above his condition, but with no intelligence but that which taught him patience under his privations—confidence in his exertions—submission to the law—loyalty to the King. And when I have considered these things, my earnest prayer has been, that to his children, and to his children's children, might be preserved that system of education which founded moral obligation upon the revealed will of God.

Sugar from Chestnuts.—The manufacture of sugar from chestnuts, says the *Bons Sens*, will probably soon become an object of as much importance as that from beet-root. Some processes of extraction have already yielded fourteen per cent., which is more than equal to the average produce of the beet-root.

Minikin Pins.—The Latins called dwarfs *Homunciones*, the Italians *Piccolomini*, the Flemings *Mennekin*,—whence, no doubt, our term *Mannikin* given to little men, and *Minikin* applied to small pins.—*Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

Buried Alive.—The fate of the unfortunate Abbé Prevost, author of *Manon Lescaut*, and other esteemed novels, was lamentable beyond expression. In passing through the forest of Chantilly, he was seized with an apoplectic fit: the body, cold and motionless, was found the following morning, and carried by some woodcutters to the village surgeon, who proceeded to open it; it was during this terrific operation that the wretched man was roused to a sense of his miserable

condition by the agonies he endured, to expire soon after in all the complicated horrors of his situation.—*Ibid.*

It is worthy of remark, that no woman was ever known to excel in musical composition, however brilliant her instrumental execution might have been. The same observation has been made in regard to logical disquisitions. To what are we to attribute this exception?—are we to consider these delightful tormentors as essentially unharmonious and illogical? We leave this important question to phrenologists.—*Ibid.*

There is a curious passage in one of Dr. Franklin's letters in regard to wine: he pleasantly observes, that the only animals created to drink water are those who from their conformation are able to lap it on the surface of the earth, whereas all those who can carry their hands to their mouth were destined to enjoy the juice of the grape.—*Id.*

Oysters.—So refined was the taste of the ancient *bons vivans*, that Montanus, according to Juvenal, would proclaim, at the first bite, whether an oyster was of English produce or not. Sandwich is believed to have been the favoured spot whence Rome imported her oysters and other shell-fish.—*Id.*

Our early ancestors were remarkable for their frugality, and it is supposed that luxurious, or, at least, full living, was introduced by the Danes: it has been even asserted that the verb *gormandize* was derived from *Gormond*, a Danish king, who was persuaded by Alfred to be baptised.—*Ibid.*

Pretty Pork.—Cooks have sometimes been obliged to resort to pious frauds; and it is related of our Richard Cœur de Lion, that, being very ill during the holy war, he took a strange fancy for a bit of pork, but, as no pig could be procured, a plump Saracen child was roasted as a substitute; and it was remarked that Richard was ever after partial to pork.—*Ibid.*

Temperance Societies are not modern institutions. In 1517, Sigismund de Dietrichstein established one under the auspices of St. Christopher; a similar association was formed in 1600 by Maurice, Duke of Hesse, which, however, allowed a knight to drink seven *bocaux*, or glasses, at each meal, but only twice in the day. The size of these *bocaux* is not recorded, but no doubt it was an endeavour to obtain a comparative condition of sobriety. Another temperance society, under the name of the Golden Ring, was instituted by Frederic V. Count Palatine.—*Ibid.*

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House): and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—Agent in PARIS, G. F. M. REYNOLDS, French, English, and American Library, 66, Rue Neuve St. Augustin.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JUGEL.